

soft, warm body. If she closes her eyes and keeps them closed for a little while, a vague fear creeps over him, and he pokes his little fingers into them and tries to open them. If she still keeps them closed his alarm increases and nothing will relieve his mind until she opens them. This fear is not the fear of death; it comes to children who are too young to know anything about death. Apparently the habit of looking into his mother's eyes has developed in the child a vague feeling that she is in some sense within the body, and when her eyes are closed he feels that she is hiding from him. If this is true the alarm that rises when she keeps her eyes closed is the alarm that every little child feels when his mother hides from him and does not come back promptly in answer to his call.

This provides a good starting point, and from this point it should not be difficult to lead John to grasp the truth that he is something more than his body—the body that eats and sleeps and runs and plays; that the real John is the John that's inside—the John who loves; the John who is unhappy when he does wrong; the John who wants to be good. And when he has had his first glimpse of death it should not be difficult to go a step further and teach him that the real John is to live forever. The first time he looks upon a dead bird I should call his attention to this difference between animals and ourselves. I should tell him that when we look upon a bird we see all there is. If a bird is